

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD WANTED.

THE SIEGE OF STRALSUND.

CHAPTER V.

CAPTAIN WYNDHAM slowly directed his steps towards the St. Jacoba Barracks, which were situated at the back of the St. Jacoba Church. Standing armies were in those days little known, and barracks, consequently, there were few, except in the residences of the emperors and kings, whose body-guard always had a building for themselves.

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In times of war, when soldiers were levied everywhere, and when besieged towns had to support a force for which little or no provision had been made, they were generally quartered upon the citizens; and their uncouth and violent behaviour made the burden of war fall doubly heavy upon every family. The magistrates of Stralsund had understood this, and endeavoured as far as possible to meet the difficulty. An empty warehouse, which in times of prosperity had been used for the storing away of

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grain and other staple commodities, was fitted up as barracks. It produced an undoubted relief for the citizens, but on the other hand it was found that this advantage was almost balanced by an evil very natural indeed, but more rapidly developed than cured. A number of soldiers thus brought together under one roof, neither restrained by the hardships of a field campaign, nor diverted from evil companionship by the continual change of scene, were not long in sinking to that low level of morality which was formerly only indicated by the exceptional example of the worst amongst their numbers. The officers, too, especially of the Danish forces, were far from giving their troops an example of that chivalrous spirit, and that conscientious endeavour to abstain from quarrels, which formed one of the most important of their published resolutions.

There was, it is true, a vast difference between their conduct and the gross debauchery that reigned in the imperial army. But there was also a vast difference in the discipline that reigned on either side of the walls of Stralsund. There were two things that combined to spread a spirit of dissatisfaction and strife amongst the garrison. There was want, and there was jealousy.

Stralsund, which presented to the enemy its impregnable bastions, defended by dauntless and dogged warriors, was nevertheless in itself a scene of petty strife and fierce, though bloodless, contention. It was possessed by three rival powers. The citizens, determined to hold out to the very last and retain their liberty, had enrolled themselves as one man, and formed the burgher-guard. The Danish garrison, commanded by Colonel Holk, had arrived in the town before the siege had well begun, and in the absence of the promised help from Sweden, that officer had been chosen as military commander. He was a man of undoubted talents, but of a morose and unsocial temperament. He had few friends, but he might have had many admirers had he not taken care to make himself so many enemies. His commands, never very popular even amongst his own troops, became less so when Swedish help arrived under Lord Hamilton. It even began to be suspected that he purposed playing the town into Danish hands as soon as the siege was raised. It was hinted and whispered that several of the young officers in the burgher-guard had received tempting offers to enter the Danish army, should they assist in bringing this about. And it was feared that not a few had tacitly consented, or but faintly rejected, such proposals. It was at any rate certain that there existed a much more agreeable intercourse between the Danes and the Stralsunders than between them and the Swedes and Scots.

The magistrates and town council of the besieged city, whom these rumours had not escaped, were alarmed and put on their guard. Christian of Denmark was preferable to Wallenstein or Ferdinand, but to escape the latter by submitting to the former appeared to them very much like jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. The acts of the colonel were therefore closely watched, and a silent resolution taken that at the first opportunity he should be deprived of the command. A new supply of help, under two experienced and popular officers, was every day expected from Sweden, and it was understood that their arrival would give the desired opportunity.

The relations, meanwhile, between the Swedes and

Danes was far from amicable. The necessities of discipline prevented an open rupture, and outward courtesy between officers was strictly enforced, but the men, less accustomed to control, and not so easily managed, were often engaged in petty squabbles, which it needed every attention to prevent spreading into a contention that would speedily have ended in disaster.

When Captain Wyndham approached the street in which the barracks were situated, he was agreeably surprised in meeting with one of his own countrymen, who had been wounded two days before. It was thought at the time that the wound was highly dangerous, and that the invalid would not recover; but he now limped towards the captain with a beaming face, exclaiming, "Well met, my friend! well met! You see I am not as one of the dead yet, although that vile surgeon would have it so. When he saw that I had a bullet in my thigh, it actually occurred to him to try and fish it out, instead of cutting about and bleeding me to death. And lo! the fellow had not been busy more than a few minutes when out came a small piece of lead that would have poisoned my whole body. You see, I am almost well again."

"I see, good Dunnellan, and I am rejoiced, for we could not well afford your loss at present. I am told that you received some letters from England by yesterday's ship. I did expect some too, and I am anxious to know how affairs are in London. Are you advised at all?"

"Advised and ill-advised it seems to me, for such a load of wrongs and complaints as these Londoners now utter would make us think their lot uncommon hard. There's nothing but the king, the king, the king; and when the king slips out of their reach they fasten their foul spite upon my Lord Buckingham. They're very like my surgeon, who, when he saw that he might not cut off my leg, would needs cut off my arm, or at least my hand, as a kind of compensation."

"Come, good Dunnellan," answered Wyndham, with a slight laugh; "I think I see the reason of your discontent with these Londoners. Some fair lady at court has written you a sweet letter, and she no doubt is full of admiration for my Lord Buckingham. But I doubt you would rather fight the Poles under Sir Alexander Leslie than go with the duke to Rochelle and get beaten by the French. I fear he is at least an evil counsellor. But what is this tumult I hear? Do you know of anything that can have roused the people?"

Ere Dunnellan could answer there came running towards them a Swedish soldier, his yellow locks flying in the wind, his leathern jacket thrown open, and his whole dress showing signs of disorder.

"Quick, Captain!" he cried in Swedish. "There is mischief brewing at the barracks. Your Scottish men look as if they wanted blood, and some of the Danes are in no peaceful mood either."

Without pausing to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, Wyndham and his companion at once turned towards the St. Jacoba Street, in which the barracks were situated. The narrow street resounded with the clamour of wordy contentions, and the gateway, which gave access to a kind of yard, was filled with soldiers who expressed their indignation in loud shouts of "To the rescue!" "Bundle these Danes out of the house!"

It was with some difficulty that Wyndham pushed

his way through this crowd; for although they were his own men they were too much excited to ascertain who it was that endeavoured to pass them. At last, however, he gained the courtyard, and here he saw at once what it was that so ruffled their spirits. It had been enacted by the authorities of the town, that in order to put some check to the frequent squabbles of the armed men, those who were found quarrelling should be seized, handed over to their commanding officer, and receive a certain number of lashes, according to the quality of the offence. The courtyard was nearly square. In one corner of it a company of Danes, armed to the teeth, formed a wall bristling with sharp steel points, which so effectually cut off the angle that the few persons within it had not a chance of escape. The rest of the yard was filled with Scots and Danes, who were pressing more and more closely upon the extended pikes. Some were trying the edges of their swords upon the polished points, others looked with ominous attention at the locks of their immense horse-pistols, while the greater number were shouting to some one within the enclosed angle, and exhorting him to remain firm and not to surrender. And there, with the fiery locks streaming over his broad forehead, his teeth firmly set, his brawny fist clutching the two-edged sword of the Scottish musketeers, stood a tall, almost gigantic Scot, who looked as if he intended fully to follow up the advice of his clansmen. His back was against the angle, and his eyes were fixed on five Danes, who were evidently instructed to seize him, but who found their duty somewhat difficult.

As Wyndham's eyes flew over all this, he saw at a window close to the imprisoned Scot three figures, one of which he immediately recognised. It was Theodore Wechter; and, as their eyes met, something unexplainable within him told Wyndham that he was the originator of this tumult, and that his intention lay deeper than the mere seizure of that soldier.

Meanwhile his appearance on the scene had silenced the occupants of the court. All eyes turned with eager expectation to the spot where the plume of his helmet could be seen, and followed it to the window occupied by the officers.

"Are you the officer in command of this guard?" courteously inquired Wyndham of the Danish officer who stood by Wechter's side. "If so, have the goodness to explain to me the nature of this tumult."

"I cannot satisfy your curiosity, Sir Captain," answered the Dane, shrugging his shoulders. "I must refer you to my neighbour. He begged me to command my men to seize yon Scot; indeed he did so himself, and promised to take all the responsibility."

Wyndham raised his eyebrows as though he were astonished, and glanced inquiringly at young Wechter.

"I am not aware, sir, that I owe you an explanation," said the latter, indifferently; "I shall do what the law says, and hand him over to my Lord Hamilton. He, I believe, is the commanding officer."

"Nay, then, I will have nothing more to do with the business," cried the Dane. "I am weary of these continual differences that begin and end in words. If you will not use this moment to settle what, I presume, is scarcely worth the while, help yourself. I shall hand the prisoner over to his captain." And leaning out of the window, he gave the command to fall out, with stentorian voice. The pikes were raised, the men fell into disorder, and with half sullen,

half contented faces made way for the liberated Scot, who strode up to his captain, and handed him his sword.

"They would have had a tough job in taking this thing from me, Captain," said he, in broad Scotch, and with a look of defiance at Wechter; "for I would have died ere I would have been lashed by any but my own sergeant."

A quick flush spread over Wyndham's face, but before he could utter a word Dunnellan said, looking fixedly at the young burgher, "Did you intend to administer punishment to a Scottish soldier, my young sir?"

"Had you but come a few moments later you would have witnessed it," was the curt reply. "But I am quite willing to transfer it to you, if you be not afraid to take it."

"Afraid!" cried the other, growing purple with rage. "See, there's my answer!" And plucking the leathern glove from his hand, he hurled it at the young burgher. Wyndham caught his hand just in time to cause it to fall harmless to the ground. But the insult had been given, and the two men looked at each other defiantly, while a cheer broke from the Scots who had crowded round the two officers, and who perfectly understood the meaning of the little pantomime.

"What a fool you are, Dunnellan," whispered Wyndham; "you know we cannot allow a duel; and what is the meaning of this provocation? I charge you on your honour to give him no meeting, for I fear his hatred is not against you but against me. He must have known that Roger is my body-servant."

"Ay, Captain, and methinks that is the reason he would have lashed me," said Roger, "for he came here not many moments since, looking as dark as a thunder-cloud, and he saw me wrestling in this yard with a Dane whom I had thrown in fair fight to the ground. 'Ah, that is Wyndham's servant,' said he; 'it is time we made an example of him and his master.' And with that he caused me to be arrested by the guard. It is a good thing that our men were near at hand."

Wyndham shook his head and replied nothing. The men, seeing that the difference had been settled, retired. Roger, whom his master consigned to the charge of a sergeant, was led away, and Wyndham and Dunnellan remained alone.

"Promise me that whatever come you shall not fight with that young hot-headed fool," said Wyndham.

"I cannot; the honour of our regiment is involved in it."

"Then I must to Lord Hamilton's to see that it is prevented, for I feel certain that he bears *you* no ill-will, but me, and I cannot consent to change hands with you." He left the barracks with a hasty step; but scarcely had he turned the corner of the St. Jacoba Street when a dull boom sounded through the air. It was followed by another and another, and in a few minutes war was once more busy with its destructive work.

CHAPTER VI.

THE guns of the imperial batteries, which had been silent the whole of that morning, now began playing upon the three principal gates of the city with redoubled force, and were answered from within with equal energy. As Captain Wyndham

reached the house where Lord Hamilton had been quartered, he was met by an orderly, who communicated to him that an attack upon the Franken Thor seemed to be preparing, and that his company was forming on the quay. Lord Hamilton was already there, at the H-Geist Bastion, and, as the orderly said, giving them "tit for tat." Wyndham immediately turned about, and going round by the Rathhaus, intended crossing the market, that being the shortest way to the quay. But as he turned round the corner of the building, he met several people running towards him with evident signs of alarm. At the same moment pieces of slate of no contemptible size fell within a few yards of him into a thousand shivers, and a loud crash convinced him that something unusual had happened.

He was not long kept in doubt. Quickly running round the Rathhaus, he followed the gaze of the few people whom fright and consternation had not completely overtaken, and just as he lifted his eyes to the magnificent spires of St. Nicholas Church another crash, louder than before, and a shower of slate that made his position extremely dangerous, told him that the imperials had succeeded in aiming one of their guns at the spire, and would set the church on fire before the sun had set. Not a moment was to be lost. Seizing his sword in one hand and his helmet in the other, he ran to the quay. Soldiers met him everywhere, for by this time the drums sounded the alarm all over the town. The enemy did not seem to have spent their morning without profit, for as he ran along the quay he could see that some of the most prominent of the jetties which ran out into the sea were being shot to splinters, the balls making sad havoc amongst the boats that were tied to them. Breathless and panting, he arrived at the H-Geist Church, and found the whole of the Scottish regiment drawn up behind it. Bayerley gazed at him in amazement, but he interrupted him with the impatient question: "Where is Lord Hamilton?"

"He is at the bastion commanding the guns. I asked him about the woman, and he will not hear of it."

"Woman! what woman?" asked Wyndham, whom the whole circumstance had escaped.

"The gipsy woman of whom you spoke but now."

Wyndham uttered an impatient exclamation, and turned round towards the bastion, when another crash and several exclamations stopped him. Pieces of slate, splinters, and stones were flying about, and several of the Scots sank down, wounded and stunned. The H-Geist Church seemed another aim for the imperial guns. He paused for a moment, looked thoughtfully at the spire and at the men, then beckoned Bayerley to come to him, and pointed to some sheds in the distance. "Take the men away from the church, and post them near those sheds. I think they have an object in aiming at these spires. I am going to the bastion."

The bastion was enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and presented a scene of great activity. Heaps of shot neatly piled lay on the ground. The swarthy ganners, looking grim and ominous, like their guns, were silently doing their work. Leaning against the parapet, or kneeling on the ground, so as to escape the bullets of the enemy, they kept their eyes fixed upon their officers, flying to their post at the word of command, and performing their duty with

firm-set teeth, or too often with muttered joke or oath. A small group of officers sat on the ground with a plan of the works before them, on a drum. They were in earnest discussion, and frequently referred to the drawing.

"I am totally at a loss what to make of them," said one. "Yesterday they were pounding away at the Franken Thor as if they intended to burn all their powder in reducing it to ruins, and this bastion was scarcely safe for a dog to be in; and now they take no more notice of us than if we were still in Poland."

"And no wonder, my lord," returned Wyndham, who had overheard the last part; "and to my thinking there is great reason in what they do."

"Oho, lieber Herr Wyndham," said a Swedish officer; "what makes you so heated? It's surely a very bad sign to see an officer run himself out of breath?"

"And so would you be if you saw the tiles and slates flying about as thick as hail. My lord, there is not a moment to be lost if we would spare the St. Nicholas Church. I am convinced that one of the demons has been aimed at it, and they will probably begin shooting with shell when they have knocked the spire down. It is just within range of your bastion, and you might silence the demon."

"The demon!" exclaimed Lord Hamilton; "why that gun is in their most northern battery, and almost opposite this ravelin," and he pointed with his finger to a point on the map. "It is entirely out of our range, and to silence it from the Franken Thor itself is impossible, for almost every gun there is dismounted."

"Down, Captain! down!" shouted one of the gunners; "they can see your helmet and feather, and they are taking aim; I can see the gleam of their muskets."

At the same moment a volley of muskets rang from over the water, and the bullets whistled over their heads and crashed through the foliage of the trees. Wyndham took the warning and sank down on one knee, when a terrible report shook the earth, and a black cloud of smoke flew over them. A short and grim laugh went up from amongst the gunners.

"That is the way, sir; show them we have some powder left."

"Who said the demon was in their northern battery?" asked Wyndham. "It is wrong; I am convinced of it. They could not aim at the side of the St. Nicholas from there, but the balls would strike her in the back, and now they hit her full in the side, so they must have removed the gun. Where is the plan?"

"Here," said Lord Hamilton, laying his hand on it. "See, they are assembling their men in the trenches. We saw them paraded before our eyes, and we heard the bugles sounding. They are going to try an assault at the Franken Thor, and want to keep us engaged; that seems to me their intention."

At this moment an orderly hurried up, and saluting Lord Hamilton, informed him that the enemy had thrown a bomb on the market-place, by the St. Maria Church, and had effected an immense amount of damage, as two regiments were drawn up there in anticipation of the assault.

"That proves my theory," exclaimed Wyndham, almost joyously. "You see what their real intention

is. assault out in shot the when up, great see— An on t threw "C lords "I again excee stagga sank blood up w the w he gl death grief versa seem between hung and r fell i and t already stood exqui three The e gentle the sy in the Wit some body t plan c mined What "M his ha danger have t which said he aside v signall made t my obs mense see yo direct o musket their ai attack i "Yo exclaim not to s so wron great p some af guns, V danger

is. They make us believe that they are going to assault the Franken Thor, and so draw all our men out into the streets; in the meantime, they aim their shot at the spires of the churches, or throw bombs on the *market-place*—mind you, on the *market-place*—where in all probability the soldiers would be drawn up, and where consequently they can inflict the greatest amount of damage to the garrison. I can see—”

Another officer of the Danish troops here appeared on the scene. He saluted Lord Hamilton, and threw a hasty look around him.

“Colonel Holk presents his compliments to your lordship, and—”

“Down, sir officer! down!” shouted the gunner again, but this time too late. A volley that far exceeded the first burst upon them. The officer staggered, turned pale, threw up his hands, and sank backward on the ground, a small stream of blood trickling from his lips. Colonel Holk started up with an exclamation of impatience, and ran to the wounded man. Wyndham did the same, but as he glanced at the pale face, on which the colour of death was already settling, he recognised to his grief the young Danish officer with whom the conversation in the barracks had commenced. A bullet seemed to have pierced his throat, having slipped in between the corselet and the steel collar. His head hung heavily upon Wyndham’s arms as he lifted it and raised the heavy helmet. The dark brown hair fell in a disorderly mass over the pallid forehead, and the blue veins, in which his life’s blood was already flowing with slow and decreasing pulsation, stood out perceptibly, like the delicate veins in some exquisite piece of marble. For a moment only the three officers stood around their comrade in silence. The exigencies of war leave but little time for those gentler thoughts which its terrible effects call forth in the sympathetic mind. The cries of battle re-echo in the heart, and drown the sigh of pitying sorrow.

With knitted brow Lord Hamilton turned towards some of the gunners, and ordered them to carry the body to the hospital. Then glancing again at the plan on the drum, he said, in a stern and determined voice, “These muskets must be silenced. What advise you, sirs?”

“My lord,” said Wyndham, taking the plan in his hands, “allow me to advertise you of the real danger, and the mode of checking it. The enemy have thrown up opposite this bastion three redans, of which the one nearest the sea—But what is this?” said he, looking again at the plan, and throwing it aside with a movement of disdain; “this plan is signally wrong. See here—this is the position. I made this map carefully myself this morning from my observations at the Danholm; I could see the immense demon in this second redan as plainly as I see you. This is where it is; and there we must direct our fire. I pray you line the parapet with our musketeers; their locks carry a fair distance, and their aim is sure. I will forfeit my life there is no attack intended on the gate. ‘Tis but a ruse.”

“You are very right, Wyndham, I believe,” exclaimed Hamilton; “how could I be so foolish as not to see it. Strange, too, that this plan should be so wrong, for ’twas drawn by a young burgher of great promise, so Holk told me, who seemed to foster some affection for him. But be it so. Take you the guns, Wyndham, and pound away; dismount that dangerous demon, and your name will be mentioned

to the king. And you, sir,” to a sergeant, “bid Lieutenant Baverley march all his muskets closer to the parapet towards this bastion, and let him spare no powder. These imperialists fight without fear. They are all washed with the holy water, and they think their sins are absolved, so they should be ready for purgatory. I’ll to the colonel, whose young friend deserves to be put in the public stocks—and he shall be, if I have aught to say here.”

Wyndham now closely examined the enemy’s lines, and soon recognised the position of his demoniacal antagonist. Close application to the theories of that genius in the science of fortification, Koevoet, had made our captain master of his gun. It was not long ere his carefully-aimed shots, repeated with a rapidity that astonished even the gunners themselves, told upon the imperial battery. For one hour and a half an incessant cannonade was kept up.

The enemy, perceiving that some new spirit possessed the guns of the besieged, directed their full fire to the obnoxious bastion. This was exactly what Wyndham wanted. He had calculated that when their attention was entirely directed to the H-Geist Bastion, but little notice would be taken of the guns at the Franken Thor, which had been silent as yet. He therefore left the bastion under the superintendence of Durnellan, and slipped round to the Thor. It was as he had expected. The enemy exposed themselves as if no Franken Thor existed, and he was able, without their noticing his movements, to aim the two guns almost exactly at right angles with the direction of the fire from the bastion. The demon, an immense gun, which, with its counterpart on the other side of the town, was doing terrible damage, had poured its shot upon the bastion with fatal precision. Wyndham watched the black muzzle slip out the loophole and discharge its red flare. Then he slowly bent down, and aimed one of his guns carefully, saying, with a grim smile, to the gunner, “The moment I say fire, drop the match.”

For a longer period than usual the terrible report of the demon kept the listeners waiting. All eyes were strained; some ventured to announce it as some red flare from a minor gun flashed past them. But Wyndham silently regarded through his glass the particular spot where the muzzle was to appear, without attending to what went on around him.

“Fire,” he whispered, at last. Off went the gun, and the eager party were enveloped in a cloud of smoke. When it cleared up no muzzle appeared. The demon was dismounted, and from that moment never answered its mate from the other side of the walls.

DOWN THE ROAD WITH A GENTLEMAN COACHMAN.

SINCE the 15th of September, 1830, when the first railway in England was opened between Liverpool and Manchester, we have passed through a transition era in the history of travelling and locomotion. The neatly-appointed four-horse coaches, timed to do their nine or ten miles an hour, had superseded those various methods of communication that, in various centuries, had been adopted by Englishmen on their travels—whether they were the trains of horses in Chaucer’s day; or the horses by post, as when Taylor, the water-poet, made his “Penniless

Pilgrimage;" or the carriers and pack-horses that Milton's old Hobson passed into a proverb; or the machines and stage-waggon of Stow's day; or that primitive coach that Parson Adams outwalked, and in which Roderick Random and Strap made their journey to London at the rate of four miles an hour, exclusive of stoppages; until we arrive at the more recent date, August 2, 1784, when the first mail-coach went from London to Bath, and inaugurated that admirable coaching era, in which the very perfection of travelling seemed to have been attained, but the ruin of which was foreshadowed by the wondrous "Car of Miracle" in Southey's "Curse of Kehama." The old order of things is changed; the English coachman, so graphically drawn by Washington Irving in 1820, is as extinct as the dodo or the Charlie; the coaches are superseded by other "coaches" of a very different pattern; and as the author of the book³ before us says, "The teakettle, with its steam, has taken the place of the four bright bays; the grimy engine-driver and stoker have taken the place of the coachman; the guard or conductor, in his blue coat and foreign-looking hat, has taken the place of the guard in red, with his glazed hat and cockade; and the long mellow horn of former days is now replaced by a shrill, and certainly not to be called mellow, whistle."

It is true that four-horse coaches still exist here and there in certain districts, though chiefly in the touring season; and the advertisements that appear of them in the end of our "Bradshaw" are sufficiently suggestive of the change that has come over our modes of travelling. London, too, in certain months, still sends forth its well-appointed four-horse coaches to convey passengers to Brighton, Tunbridge, Dorking, and other favoured spots; but the coaches that went up and "down the road" at certain fixed hours on every day throughout the year are no longer to be met with.

Mr. Reynardson even makes the suggestion that "a real old mail and a real old stage-coach, with its piles of luggage and all other et ceteras, should, before every recollection of them is gone, have a place, fully equipped for the road, as in times of old, in the British Museum. It would not be a bad thought for some enterprising 'Down the Road' to set the thing on foot, and thus hand down to posterity what would be a wonder to behold when the generation to come travel by electricity instead of steam."—(Introduction, p. xvi.)

Failing this, they must go to the Library to consult Mr. Reynardson's amusing work and its excellent illustrations, in order to obtain an adequate notion of the scenes and incidents of the "good old coaching days," and the reader could not meet with a cheerier or better informed "gentleman coachman" than the author of this volume of coaching deeds by famous professional whips, of whom, although an amateur, he may say without vanity, "Quorum pars magna fui." He says:—

"There are few, very few now remaining, I fear, who have really worked a coach by night and by day, through wind and rain, frost and snow, and who have really done the thing in rough and smooth."—(Intro. p. viii.)

The modern coaching clubs, concerning which Mr. Reynardson gives a supplementary chapter by way of "Postscript," are altogether another matter, and are

not to be classed in the same category with the "Defiance," "Tally-ho," "Regulator," "Wonder," "Hirondelle," and the other noted coaches of olden days. The breed is extinct, and the roads and inns that knew them now know them no more.

We ourselves, for example, live close beside the Great North Road—"The York Road," as it is still popularly called—within three miles from Hollywell Hall, where "Down the Road" was written, and our home is situated between two once-famous houses, the Greetham Inn, and the Ram Jam, which quaintly-named inn is marked on most maps of England. These two inns are a quarter of a mile apart, and eight miles from Stamford on the road to Grantham (as Mr. Squeers would remember), and at these two inns, some thirty years ago, forty-four four-horse coaches (twenty-two "up" and twenty-two "down," including four night mails each way) used to change horses every twenty-four hours. In addition to the coaches, there were the private carriages, post-chaises, stage-waggon, bag-men (very important people), and various vehicles, including the farmers' "pre-Adamite buggies," mentioned by Sidney Smith. Like all the other trunk roads of England, this Great North Road must have been "alive" with coaches and traffic at all hours of the day and night; and now, except on the days when Lord Lonsdale's Cottesmore hounds are out, the road is deserted and silent, and we may walk a mile on it without meeting man or beast. And, as with the York Road, so also it is with the Bath and other roads; the "vix per Angliam ferro strato" have come into competition with them, and have won the victory. It was a happy thought, then, for Mr. Reynardson to note the traces of a vanished past, and to place upon record the actual experiences of a gentleman coachman. His work may be said to possess a historical value, as being the faithful reflex of a system of things that have now had their day, but have not lost their interest for the present generation; and readers of "Down the Road" will thank the author for preserving such truthful, genial, and anecdotal reminiscences of days when the sound of the old mail-horn made pleasant music for many a listening ear. The screaming railway-whistle is now heard in its place, and Mr. Reynardson can hear it from where the Great Northern Railway carries its line a mile north from his house—out of sight through the intervening hills, though not of sound—and three miles distant from that portion of the York Road to which we have referred. For, instead of the railway following the track of the old Ermine Street, the opposition of the then Lord of Burghley caused the Great Northern line to be taken to Grantham by way of Peterborough, instead of by Stamford.

With Stamford Mr. Reynardson's coaching reminiscences take their beginning, about the year 1823, when he went as a lad, first to the Charterhouse and then to Eton, and when burly John Barker drove the "Regent," and was the first to teach our author "the gentle art." Stamford still continues in the reminiscences during his college days at Trinity, Cambridge, under Dr. Keate, concerning whom and an adventure at Ely Cathedral the author gives some good anecdotes. John Hennesy, or "Saddler Jack," was then the coachman, though it is of Tom Hennesy of the "Regent," that the author has most to tell us, including the story of the dog-legged crooked whip, which, as we can testify (for we have handled it), is very faithfully portrayed in a page illustration, and

* "Down the Road; or, Reminiscences of a Gentleman Coachman." By C. T. S. Birch Reynardson. (Longmans. 1875.)

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which hangs among Mr. Reynardson's collection of similar coaching trophies in his study at Holywell Hall. A fac-simile of one of the bills of the "Regent" coach is also given, showing that in 1822 it had so far advanced in speed as to start from the George and Blue Boar, Holborn, at six in the morning, and reach Stamford a quarter before six in the evening. Stilton had to be passed through, and Mr. Reynardson has something good to say concerning it and Miss Worthington and her cheeses and beds. We remember her well, and we have since been in that house—converted into a private residence—when Sir Mordaunt Wells occupied it as a hunting-box, with Anthony Trollope for one of his guests. It is now a school for young ladies. But it is not only of this road, including the Berkshire portion of Welwyn, that Mr. Reynardson tells us; many of his most interesting reminiscences are connected with his driving the Holyhead mail, one of the fastest coaches of the day, and timed by the post-office to do ten miles and a half an hour, including stoppages. Here the anecdotes come "fast and furious," including several hairbreadth escapes and perilous adventures, which must be read in their entirety to be fully appreciated, for extracts would not do justice to the author's power of telling a story distinctly and picturesquely. A highly cultured man, with a great sense of humour, he seizes upon the salient points of his narrative, and tells it dramatically and characteristically. "Down the Road" is a book for the drawing-room table, and may be picked up and read with pleasure at almost any page, as the "reminiscences" are not necessarily dependent upon each other. It is eminently light and agreeable reading, while, as we have said, it may in a certain sense be regarded as historical, and it is altogether practical. The author's "Small Hints that may be useful" will doubtless be studied with profit by many who aspire to the coachman's seat. The publishers have spared no pains to produce the volume in finished style, as to print, paper, and binding, with its characteristic designs in gold—of the mail-coach, etc. A very interesting addition to this bright volume is to be found in the twelve chromo-lithographs of coaching scenes recorded in the book. They have been admirably reproduced by Messrs. Hanhart, from the oil-paintings executed for Mr. Reynardson by the late H. Alken. "Down the Road" is a pleasant, lively, chatty, and well-written volume on a theme dear to Englishmen.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

NEW ZEALAND.

SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, late Governor of South Australia, delivered recently at Ayr, the capital of his native county, a lecture on New Zealand. The reports on British colonies as fields for emigration are usually published by emigration agents, and in comparing the advantages of different colonies allowance has to be made for partial or interested statements. This makes the impartial statements of a man like Sir James Fergusson the more acceptable and valuable as to New Zealand. We give the report as it was condensed in the "Glasgow News." Those who wish more detailed information as to the several provinces will find it in "The Official Handbook of New Zealand," recently prepared in the colony, and sold at a cheap rate in this country.

Sir James, after describing the physical conformation of the country, went on to say that the acreage was nearly that of the British Islands, the south island corresponding to England and Wales, and the northern island to that of England without Wales. He incidentally referred to a visit paid to Dusky Bay exactly 100 years after the time Captain Cook had been there, and he recognised, from the description written of the place, the line which had been cut through the primeval forest for the convenience of taking solar observations. The province of Canterbury reminded him of an English eastern county, and the habits and manners of the people seemed to correspond. The east coast of the southern island had excellent harbours formed by craters of volcanoes, and opening out to the sea. The harbour of Dunedin was always accessible to ships, but the west coast of both islands was destitute of safe harbours, the only openings being the mouths of rivers, which were closed by dangerous sand-bars. Some people doubted the wisdom of the formation of railways by the Government of New Zealand, and urged the objection that they were running in competition with the sea. It was not surprising that such a course should be adopted at present.

The southern island was in a satisfactory condition. The colonists were disturbed by no wars. Many, however, thought, and he was inclined to agree with them, that the north island was yet destined to be the richer of the two, because it possessed a much milder climate, a more productive soil, and was covered, especially on the western part, by magnificent forests. When this land fell into our hands, which it must do sooner or later, the experience we had already gained led us to suppose that it would maintain herds and flocks greater than those which at present cover the southern plains. All his predecessors had given much of their attention to the welfare of the natives; indeed, this was forced upon their notice by the unhappy conflicts which broke out from time to time between them and the settlers. Happily in his time there were no such conflicts. It was a matter of doubt and dispute, but he thought it the most satisfactory conclusion to arrive at, that the Maoris were our sole predecessors in New Zealand.

The character of the natives was very interesting. They were certainly very noble—probably the most noble coloured race we had ever come in contact with, and no doubt they had considerable capabilities. Their children in our Government schools could acquire knowledge as rapidly as white children. Generally they embraced Christianity when it was presented to them; and although many people were inclined to sneer at the result, he was free to confess, as far as his own observation went, that they turned out better Christians than a good many of our own people. They were hospitable and kindly, and yet, where the old savage nature remained, sometimes they could be guilty of deeds of horrid cruelty. They highly valued the possession of land, and as it was our great object to acquire land, it was no wonder that differences arose. He could say, however, that from first to last the English Government and English settlers had desired to deal honestly with the natives, and notwithstanding all the wars we have had with them, we never had any intention to defraud the natives of their rights.

By the last census he found there were 46,000 Maoris, and that was a great diminution from former years. We could see them dying before our eyes,

although we gave the best medical advice that could be procured. They were rich as compared with our own people. Every effort was made to induce them to live healthier lives, and, in fact, to prolong their existence, but still they died. One great evil was that they smoked to such an extent that they dried up their very flesh on their bones. It was no uncommon sight to see a mother take the pipe out of her own mouth and put it into that of her baby, and the baby would cry if it did not get it. As a nation he was afraid they were doomed; but, in marked contrast to this dying race, a vigorous, healthy population was succeeding it.

It was hardly more than thirty-five years since the English planted their flag upon the soil, and from the hill-tops above Auckland the traveller could now look down upon a busy scene, and behold far and wide the fruits of industry, science, and enterprise. In every direction could be seen thriving farms and herds of cattle, which surprise the new-comer from this country by their vastness; and beyond could be seen the primeval forests, which had not yet yielded to the advancing settler. He was particularly struck with what in New Zealand was called the Special Settlement system, and hearing much of what was being done by a society called the Colonist Association, he went out to see their settlement. That body had only been in possession of their land since 1873, when they received 1,000 acres of forest, about sixty miles from Wellington, and thirty or forty miles from the seaboard. In this comparatively short time 1,000 people have been sent from this country by that society, and placed upon this land. Wooden huts

were ready for their occupation when they arrived, and for 7s. a week for two years they became their own property. In addition to that, work was provided for them at the regular rate of 7s. a day. The land had been sold to this company by the Government at 12s. 6d. an acre, but it had increased so much in value that it was now being disposed of by public advertisement at from 50s. to £10 per acre.

He expected that New Zealand would attract a population larger than most other countries in proportion to its size, as it was fitted in every respect as a home for a healthy, prosperous race. For the last twenty-three years New Zealand has enjoyed a Constitution and two Houses of Parliament. It had this peculiar feature, however, that the government of the country was divided into provinces, each having its own local government. As a favourable sample of the management of the colony, he pointed to the truly magnificent works they had executed, and the most enlightened arrangements in regard to public schools, both upper class and primary, which were sufficient for the whole population. He was astonished when he came home to find doubts expressed as to the solvency of the colony and the wisdom of its policy. One of the members of the present Government had inaugurated what was called a public war and immigration policy. The true way to render wars impossible and to subdue the country was to open it up; and accordingly it was resolved to spend £10,000,000 on public works and immigration, £1,000,000 on immigration, £6,000,000 on railways, and the remainder on public works of various kinds, for the permanent good of the colony.

CARICATURE AND CARICATURISTS.

CHAPTER IV.

GILLRAY hated war and bloodshed, and omitted no opportunity of exposing the wickedness and meanness of the lofty ambition which seeks its ends



by means of aggression and violence. A cartoon of his in four parts exhibits John Bull, first, enjoying himself at his fireside in the bosom of his family; secondly, John, puffed up with warlike fervour, eager for battle, and marching off defiantly to conquer or die at the head of his troops; thirdly, John's property in danger, all his household goods being taken to the pawnshop to supply the wants of his

wife and children during his absence; and, fourthly, the glorious return of John, who comes back at the conclusion of the campaign in miserable rags and tatters, and minus one eye and a limb, to find his wife and children half naked and famine-stricken, and huddled together by a blink of fire over the remains of a starvation meal. We give (p. 601) the two scenes of John's departure and return, as forming an instructive hint to the aspirants for military renown.

None the less because of his hatred for war was Gillray a true patriot. Indeed, his patriotism is a pervading characteristic traceable throughout his works generally, though, perhaps, it is most prominent in the series of caricatures in which he holds up to ridicule, scorn, or reprobation the deeds and threatenings of Buonaparte, whom he must have regarded, not as we regard him now, but simply as the national bugbear and butt, whom it was a Briton's duty to deride as well as defy. At the time of the threatened invasion, when the flat-bottomed boats were practising their manœuvres daily on the opposite coast, he represented King George in the character of King of Brobdingnag, holding the pigmy Napoleon as Gulliver in the palm of his hand, examining him curiously through an opera-glass, and reading him at the same time a most contemptuously disparaging lecture. This was soon followed by another picture bearing the same title, "The King of Brobdingnag

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and Gulliver," and depicting the diminutive braggart attempting to manœuvre a small boat in a cistern of water, to the amusement of the King and his Court—a satirical allusion to the vain attempts of Buonaparte to get his invading fleet across the Channel. These two pictures from Gulliver, though executed by Gillray, were designed by a colonel of the Guards. Better

under the triple fort in which he has ensconced himself for personal security, and John Bull taunts him with some ill-humour:—

"You're a-coming!
If you mean to invade us, why make such a rout!
I say, little Boney—why don't you come out!
Why don't you come out!"



JOHN BULL going to the WARS.



JOHN BULL'S glorious Return.

still than either of them was one of Gillray's own design, which appeared about the same time, entitled "John Bull offering little Boney fair play." The English sailors were longing above all things for a fair fight with the would-be invader, who, however, would not come out to meet them, though it was constantly given out that he was coming. Jack Tar's impatience is set forth in the caricature, in which John Bull is represented as having waded across the Channel in order to defy his enemy in person. The head of Buonaparte is just seen over the battlement, uttering the threat which he had now been repeating several weeks: "I'm a-coming! I'm a-coming!" His boats are safely stowed up

The same contemptuous feeling finds more significant expression in the capital cartoon, "John Bull taking a Luncheon." Here John is sitting at table, almost surfeited with the liberal contributions of his cooks (sea-captains), foremost of whom is the hero of the Nile offering him a "Fricassée à la Nelson"—a large dish of battered French ships of the line. Other admirals, in the character of cooks, are crowding round, and among the delicacies they offer are a "Fricando à la Howe," a "Dessert à la Warren," "Dutch Cheese à la Duncan," and a variety of similar dishes named after Vincent, Bridport, Gardiner, etc. Mr. Bull is deliberately swallowing a frigate at a mouthful, and is getting portentously

fat upon his new diet. "What! more frigasées!" he exclaims, as the cooks gather round him; "Why, you rogues, where do you think I shall find room to stow all you bring in?" By his side is a huge jug of "true British stout," to wash them down; and behind him a picture of "Buonaparte in Egypt," suspended against the wall, is concealed by Nelson's hat, which is hung over it. Another caricature of Gillray's, published about the same time, was entitled "Fighting for the Dunghill, or Jack Tar settling Buonaparte." Here Jack is manfully disputing his enemy's right to supremacy over the world; the nose of his antagonist gives evident proof of "punishment." Jack Tar has his advanced foot on Malta, while Buonaparte is seated, not very firmly, on Turkey. A wound marked "Nelson," inflicted in a vital part, is exhausting the Corsican's system.

Contempt for Buonaparte gave place to other impressions regarding him as time went on. In a keenly satirical cartoon, called "Tiddy Doll, the Great French Gingerbread Baker," Napoleon stands in front of a yawning oven for Imperial gingerbread, and, assisted in the kneading department by Talleyrand, is drawing out a batch of gingerbread kings labelled "Bavaria," "Wurtemberg," and "Baden," while the lumps of dough manipulated by Talleyrand are inscribed "Poland," "Hungary," and "Turkey." Beneath the oven is the ash-hole for broken gingerbread, in which are shovelled together fragmentary portions of Spain, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, and the hind-quarters of Holland. A Prussian eagle is devouring Hanover; and on a shelf "Little dough viceroy intended for the next batch," small gilt gingerbread figures of Fox, Sheridan, Lord Moira, etc. A pile of cannon-balls is labelled "fuel." Various other details are added, the whole forming a spirited illustration of the wanton exercise of despotic power manifested by Buonaparte at this period—the beginning of 1806.

Two years later the artist produced his famous cartoon of "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," which is thus felicitously described by Mr. Wright: "The little captain is timorously proceeding down a slippery path bounded on either side by the waters of the Styx, and hemmed in by a circle of flame leading to the gulf, towards which he is figuratively assumed to be tending; his notched sabre is no protection against the horrors which surround his footsteps. 'Leo Britannicus,' raging and furious, is ready to tear him to pieces; the 'Sicilian Terrier' is worrying him; the Portuguese wolf has burst his chain and is flying at his throat; while King Death, mounted on a mule of 'true royal Spanish breed,' has cleared at a bound the body of the ex-king Joseph, which has been thrown into the 'ditch of Styx.' He is poisoning his spear with fatal aim, warningly holding up, at the same time, his hour-glass with the sand exhausted; flames follow in his course. The figures of Junot and Dupont, the beaten generals, are rising from the smoke, linked together by the throats; they are warning Napoleon to avoid their fate. The papal tiara is descending as a 'Roman meteor,' charged with lightnings to blast the Corsican. The 'Turkish new moon' is seen rising in blood; the crescent of English influence has eclipsed the waning influence of France. The 'Spirit of Charles XII' is rising from the flames, prepared to avenge the wrongs of Sweden with his two-handed sword; the 'Imperial German eagle' is vengefully emerging from a cloud; the Prussian

bird, stripped of half its plumage, appears as a scarecrow, making desperate efforts to fly, and screaming revenge against its spoiler. The 'American rattlesnake' is thrusting forth a poisoned tongue from the 'Lethan Ditch;' the Dutch frogs are spitting out their spite; and the Rhenish Confederation is personified as a herd of starved 'rats' ready to feast on the Corsican. The great 'Russian bear,' the only ally Napoleon had secured, is shaking his chain and growling—a formidable enemy in the rear." The above may be regarded as a remarkable prophecy for a caricaturist, seeing how it was virtually fulfilled in a few brief years.

Gillray did not live to witness the fulfilment of the doom he had so confidently foretold. He published his last political cartoon, "The Great Balloon," in 1810, and in the following year sank, through intemperance (alas! that it should have to be said), into a state of mingled imbecility and delirium. His madness was chequered by lucid intervals, and at such times he would resume the pencil or the etching-needle, with results, however, which scarcely call for notice. His last etching was "The Interior of a Barber's Shop," designed by Bunbury, but executed with Gillray's accustomed humour and spirit. Once, during a paroxysm, he attempted self-destruction by throwing himself from an upper window in St. James's Street. One of his biographers states that he happened to be passing at the time, and witnessed the struggle between Gillray and the persons who prevented him. "Gillray was last seen, unclad and unshaven, in the shop which his works had rendered universally familiar. The appearance of this poor mad figure, who had evaded the vigilance of his guardians, surrounded by the brilliant conceptions of an intellect then hopelessly departed, is an awful sermon on the frailty of human understanding. He was re-conducted to his chamber, and on the same day his troubles came to an end." His grave, in the churchyard of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, is marked by a flat stone, inscribed: "In memory of Mr. James Gillray, the caricaturist, who departed this life 1st June, 1815. Aged 58 years."

Caricaturists contemporary with Gillray were not a few, among whom we can but briefly notice those whose reputation still survives. Paul Sandby, who is said to have been the originator of the modern school of watercolour painting, and who signalled himself by some not very clever and not very amiable satires upon Hogarth, was born in Nottingham in 1725, and died in 1809. Sandby's caricatures were not of extraordinary merit; he was, however, a genuine artist, and his watercolour landscapes are deservedly esteemed for the feeling and tenderness they display, though they are mere shadows compared with modern productions in the same walk. Still he may be regarded as the forerunner of Girtin and Turner, as he was the first to escape from the dreary neutral tint, and to point the right way to the use of positive colour in watercolour art.

John Collet, a pupil, it is said, of Hogarth, was born in 1725, and died in 1780. He drew well, and illustrated the vanities and foibles of society in a spirited manner, but with less than his contemporaries displayed of the cruel sarcasm and bitterness which seems to have been the rule with the majority of the caricaturists of his day.

James Sayer, the son of a sea captain, was educated for the profession of the law, but disliking his calling, took to that of a caricaturist, as more con-

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genial to his tastes. He never drew well, and often with offensive incorrectness; but he had at command a fund of biting satire, and a humorous faculty which, at least in the eyes of political partisans, atoned for his want of artistic skill. His first essays were a series of caricature heads of the Rockingham ministry, which series appeared in 1782, in the interest of Pitt, whose patronage he had managed to secure, and to whose service his talents were especially devoted. Pitt rewarded him by giving him the post of Marshal of the Court of Exchequer, which brought him a comfortable income. One of his best pieces was entitled "Paradise Lost," in which he represented Burke and Fox retiring with most lugubrious faces from the portals of the ministerial Paradise, as outcasts, on the change of ministry which followed on the death of Lord Rockingham. Against Fox, as the antagonist of his patron Pitt, Sayer was pertinaciously and specially virulent, and never let an opportunity go by of holding him up to ridicule. For a considerable period Sayer was perhaps the most popular caricaturist of his time; but he must have owed his reputation to his audacious satire and reckless humour, rather than to his merit as an artist. Nearly all his efforts were applied to political subjects; and it is obvious, from his laboured outline and his ignorance of the principles of design, that he would never have attained success in any other walk.

William Henry Bunbury was of good family, being the son of a baronet, and was born in 1750. He was an excellent draughtsman, and was endowed with a remarkable sense of humour; but he was not skilful as an etcher, and his designs were therefore often executed by others. His most amusing performances were those in ridicule of bad and awkward horsemanship. His later works show a breadth and extravagance of humour essentially comic. He died in 1810.

With Bunbury may be classed Woodward, whose satire was at times most effective. In the spring of 1796, when war appeared inevitable, the question of generals was a most important one, and much dissatisfaction was expressed at the want of them. Woodward drew the greatest general of the age, General Complaint, and he published his full length portrait with graphic truthfulness. Every one must admire the unmistakable expression of the countenance, so perfectly does it represent a state of mental dissatisfaction. The general displays an empty purse in his right hand, and in his left is a copy of the Gazette, with a list of bankrupts and state of the budget. Beneath are these lines:—

"Don't tell me of generals raised from mere boys,—

Though believe me I mean not their laurels to taint;

But the general, I'm sure, that will make the most noise

If the war still goes on, will be General Complaint."

Of Woodward's biography there seem to be no authentic particulars, and we cannot give the date either of his birth or his death.

The most remarkable of Gillray's contemporaries, and the man who may be fairly considered his equal in many respects, seeing that he drew the human figure with the same freedom and even superior grace, was Thomas Rowlandson. To those among our readers whose recollections travel back to the first two or three decades of the present century the name of Rowlandson will call up crowds of comical

associations. We who in our childhood laughed and crowded and laughed again at the extraordinary predicaments of Dr. Syntax, are not likely to forget those gaily-coloured plates so mirth-exciting, so numerous, and so abounding in humour, even though all remembrance of the story they illustrated has faded from the mind. Rowlandson was born in the Old Jewry, in London, in 1756, and was the son of a merchant in the City. Even as a child he exhibited extraordinary talents for drawing, and an essential turn for satire. At sixteen he became a student at the Royal Academy, where he applied himself with remarkable success, acquiring great skill in drawing the human figure. Unfortunately for him, as it proved, his studies were interrupted by his sudden inheritance of a fortune by the death of a relative. He could not resist the temptations the money brought with it, and fell into vicious ways. Led away by the seductions of the gaming-table, he speedily dissipated his fortune, and ere long was compelled to support himself by the productions of his pencil. His first caricatures appear to have been political ones on the side of the Whig party, and they were marked by as much boldness and independence as those of Gillray. But politics were not his forte, and he soon found where his real strength lay, namely, in the comical delineation of such phases of social life as offered a mark for the shafts of his wit. His works are exceedingly numerous, perhaps because he generally spent his money before he had it, and consequently was, in a manner, a constant slave to the publishers. It was while in the employ of Ackermann that he drew the illustrations of Dr. Syntax. During the later years of his life he made a great number of drawings which have never been engraved, and on the sale of which he lived; some of them are remarkably good. He died in poverty in 1827.

There lived in Edinburgh an engraver of some note, whose works, with dates extending from 1784 to 1817, and in number about four hundred, are characterised by considerable humour. One of them, copied by Mr. Wright in his "History of Caricature and Grotesque," represents the eminent geologist, Dr. James Hutton, standing astonished at the transformation of his favourite rocks, which, just as he is on the point of assaulting them with his hammer, present themselves in the form of colossal human faces. "In the library of the British Museum," says Mr. Wright, "there is a collection of John Kay's works bound in two volumes quarto, with a title and table of contents in manuscript, but whether it is one of a few copies intended for publication, or whether it is merely the collection of some individual, I am not prepared to say. It contains 343 plates, which are stated to be all Kay's works down to the year 1813, when this collection was made." Kay appears to have been hardly a practised or a trained draughtsman, but his humour is undeniable.

An artist of genuine talent, and a ready and facile draughtsman, was Isaac Cruikshank, the father of the celebrated George Cruikshank, of whom we shall have to speak in a future chapter. He executed many works during the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, all of a smart and telling kind, and therefore sure of the popular acceptance. One of the neatest appeared in 1797, when John Bull was manifesting that ignorant impatience of taxation of which he is often accused. It is entitled "Billy's Raree Show; or, John Bull

enlightened." It represents Pitt as a showman equipped with a brazen trumpet and banner, picking John's pocket of his "savings," while he is peeping at the exhibition. The showman holds forth pompously to the following effect:—"Now, pray lend your attention to the enchanting prospect before you; this is the prospect of peace; only observe what a busy scene presents itself; the ports are filled with shipping, the quays loaded with merchandise; riches are flowing in from every quarter. This prospect alone is worth all the money you have about you." Simple Johnny, unconscious of the depleting process of which he is made the subject, replies, "Mayhap it may, Master Showman, but I canna zee onything loike what you mentions; I zees nothing but a woide plain, with some mountains and molehills upon't; as sure as a gun it must be all behoind one of those!" The flag of the Raree Show bears the inscription, "Licensed by Authority, Billy Hum's grand exhibition of moving mechanism, or deception of the senses." Another cartoon by the same artist, published in 1800, relates to the Irish Union, on which it reflects with no slight severity. It is entitled, "A Flight across the Herring Pond." A crowd of Irish patriots are flying across a rough sea, allured by the prospect of honour and rewards. A shabby group of miserable natives on the Irish shore are deprecating their departure and beseeching them to stay at home; while on the English coast Pitt is holding open a huge sack stuffed with stars and orders and the lucky recipients of them, and is exclaiming, "Come on, my little fellows, there is plenty of room for you all." In the rear of Pitt sits Dundas on a pile of offices united in his own person, and calling out to the new-comers, 'If ye've ony conscience at a' here's enough to satisfy you a'."



FOX SHOWING TREASONABLE SIGNALS TO FRANCE.

During the period we have cursorily surveyed in this and the preceding chapter, England was engaged in the most expensive wars she had ever undertaken, and it was unavoidable that they should be accompanied by heavy taxation. It was just as inevitable that the caricaturists should assail the taxes and those who imposed them. Among the productions due to this cause were some exceedingly comical, which, it is not improbable, had a wholesome effect, inasmuch as they provoked the taxpayer to laughter, and so mitigated, in a manner, the penalty he was obliged to submit to. Among the cleverest we may mention one representing Pitt starting up out of the saltbox when Betty goes to it for salt, and

the astounded lackadaisical stare of the wench as she bawls out, "Lawks, Mr. Pitt, who would have thought of seeing you there?" This was, of course, the caricaturist's comment on the salt tax: a variation of it came later, in which we behold Mr. Vansittart rising, not exactly like Aphrodite from the azure deep, but, half-veiled in a cloud of suds, out of the washtub, when he is greeted by the washerwoman with a similar reception. Perhaps the general sentiment with regard to the war taxes was never better expressed than by a caricature which came out in 1797, upon the publication of an official announcement that a heavy addition would have to be made to the assessed taxes. In this picture the said taxes are personified as a group of corpulent imps introducing themselves to John Bull, and replying to his question, "What do you want?"—"Please, your honour, we are the assessed taxes." The grotesque and the repulsive, the amusing and the repellent, could hardly be more felicitously combined than they are in these queer little goblins.

DR. JOHN LEYDEN.

THIS age has certainly not failed in doing honour to the memory of men who have won distinction in the arts of war or peace. Monumental erections and centenary celebrations are among the well-known means by which the modern admirers of genius attest their zeal and liberality. The number of statues, obelisks, and similar tangible memorials recently erected in this country in honour of eminent characters, is greatly beyond all former precedent. Grand commemorations of the hundredth anniversary of a distinguished man's birth have also of late come into fashion, as expressions of national admiration. The famous Stratford jubilee in 1769 in honour of Shakespeare, the first festivity of the kind held in Great Britain, was far surpassed in point of wide-spread enthusiasm by the Burns Centenary in 1859, and the Scott Centenary in 1871. It would appear that another commemoration of the kind is about to be held in Scotland; but in this instance the festivity will be mainly of a local character. Dr. John Leyden, whose memory is thus to be honoured by an imposing demonstration in his native county of Roxburgh, curiously combined the manners and spirit of a rough Scottish borderer with the qualities of a scholar and a man of genius. He was a true poet and a marvellous linguist, full of fire, passion, and eccentric humour, greatly admired by Walter Scott and a host of brilliant contemporaries; but, though he wrote enough to gain a name in literature, he died before he had given to the world any work worthy of his extraordinary powers. Such, however, was the force of Leyden's character, and the intensity of his Scottish characteristics, that his name has always been peculiarly dear to his countrymen, especially to the men of the Border. We shall, therefore, take this opportunity of presenting to our readers, in an abridged form, the interesting story of his brilliant but brief career.

John Leyden was born on the 8th September, 1775, at the village of Denholm, in the parish of Cavers, Roxburghshire. Cavers lies some miles to the east of the flourishing Border town of Hawick, and on the southern bank of the river Teviot. It

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has more than one claim to a place in literary history. Mr. Douglas, a representative of an ancient family and a leading proprietor in the parish, published about half a century ago various religious works of a philosophical cast, and remarkable for the vigour of their style. It was also in Cavers that Thomas Chalmers, who was a friend of Leyden, commenced his career as a preacher in the capacity of assistant to Mr. Elliot, the aged parish minister. Born upon the banks of a classic Scottish river, and surrounded from infancy with exquisite and inspiring scenery, John Leyden grew up passionately fond of his native vale, and lived to commemorate its beauties in glowing lines which Scotland at least "will not willingly let die." Versed in ballad lore from his youth upwards, how often must he have hummed over those lines of "Chevy Chase," which Addison so much admired,

"All pleasant men of Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed."

Leyden's father was sprung of a line of humble Border farmers, but he never aspired to anything higher than the position of a shepherd or farm steward. He and his wife were excellent specimens of that intelligent Scottish peasantry which has given to the world so many men of worth and genius. John was the eldest of their family, which consisted of three sons and two daughters. Owing chiefly to the distance of his father's house from the parish school, he was not entered as a scholar till he was nine years of age. But he received the earlier part of his education from his grandmother, an excellent old woman, who took upon herself the task, and deserved the honour of giving such a pupil his first lessons.

Young Leyden, when once taught to read, was almost consumed with a passion for reading. Like most youths in his station and of his spirit, he soon exhausted the store of books immediately within his reach, and begged or borrowed from his neighbours everything in the shape of a volume which they could give or lend him to gratify his literary appetite. The lives of Wallace and Bruce and other patriots of Scottish history he eagerly devoured, and he soon found the means of perusing the poems of Mr. David Lindsay, "Paradise Lost," Chapman's "Translation of Homer," and the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Sir Walter Scott, who contributed to the "Edinburgh Annual Register" for 1811 an exquisite biographical sketch of his much-loved early friend, tells an amusing story about the way in which Leyden got possession of the last-named work. The youth, whose imagination had been fired by the account a friend had given him of the "Arabian Nights," accidentally heard that a blacksmith's apprentice who lived at some distance had a volume of the book. He therefore immediately set off next morning, through the snow, then lying on the ground, for the dwelling of the possessor of such a treasure. He did not expect to get the book either as a loan or as a gift, but hoped that he might be allowed to read it in the presence of its owner. Yet he so laid siege to the young blacksmith, so plied him the whole day with looks and words of earnest importunity, that he was enabled to return home at night in triumphant possession of the coveted volume, though exhausted with fatigue and ready to drop down with hunger. Such was the exploit of a boy of eleven in his irresistible pursuit of knowledge.

Leyden, after attending the parish school three years, and acquiring there a little knowledge of Latin, joined a small class taught by Mr. Duncan, a Cameronian minister at Denholm, and was thus prepared for the university. His father, at this time living at a place three miles distant from Denholm, proposed buying a donkey for the use of the young scholar, but at first that scholar objected to such a mode of conveyance on account of the dreaded ridicule of his companions. On discovering, however, that the owner of the despised but useful animal possessed a large book in a learned language which he was willing to throw into the bargain, young Leyden's scruples vanished, and he joyfully accepted the aid of the donkey for the sake of the treasure which accompanied it, and which proved to be a huge and now-forgotten volume, "Calepin's Dictionary in Eight Languages."

At the age of fifteen Leyden made his way to the University of Edinburgh, and soon distinguished himself. In the Greek class, Professor Dalzell, ever ready to encourage real talent, paid marked attention to the ungainly Teviotdale youth. He soon became intimately acquainted with the works of Homer, Sophocles, Demosthenes, and similar classic authors. But he also studied Latin so successfully that when at a later period of his life he was introduced to Dr. Parr he, to use his own phrase, "passed muster pretty well" with that eminent scholar. He attended the ordinary classes necessary to the study of theology, and also not a few of the medical classes, opened to him through the wonted liberality of the professors. But there was scarcely a branch of learning taught at the university to which he did not devote a portion of his time, such was his thirst for all kinds of knowledge. In addition to Greek and Latin, he mastered French, Spanish, Italian, and German; he became familiar with the ancient Icelandic, and lastly he studied with success Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. Having a wonderful memory, linguistic studies, hard or repulsive to other men, were to him little more than a recreation and a delight.

During his long college vacations, Leyden spent most of his time in his native parish of Cavers, where, for want of a proper study, he often sought refuge for himself and his books in a wild wooded dean near the village of Denholm, or took up his abode during the week in the solitary old church, which was only occupied by the parishioners on Sundays, and had the reputation of being haunted. In order to avoid disturbance, he rather kept up the evil name of the sacred building and its precincts among the neighbouring rustics. The chemical apparatus and specimens of natural history connected with his medical studies, which occasionally met the eyes of the more curious villagers, served to augment his repute as a student of arts that were "no canny." At this period also he obtained access to the fine old library of the laird, Mr. Douglas, of Cavers, and revelled among the chronicles and tales of chivalry, by which his taste for history, antiquities, and ballad poetry, afterwards so conspicuous, was signally fostered.

At college he became acquainted with a number of men who were already distinguished in letters or rapidly rising into eminence. Among these must first be mentioned Thomas Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," and Alexander Murray, who became one of the first orientalists of the age, a

man who, like Leyden himself, had risen from obscurity in spite of all obstacles, and was distinguished by a perfect passion for languages. He also numbered among his valued friends Dr. Thomas Brown, the renowned metaphysician; Robert Lundie, afterwards the accomplished minister of Kelso; and Henry Duncan, who, when minister of Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire, became the originator of savings banks, and gained distinction in various fields of authorship.

In 1796 Leyden was appointed tutor to the two sons of Mr. Campbell of Fairfield, an excellent gentleman, who treated him with unvarying respect, and favoured in many ways his literary studies. He went with his pupils one winter to St. Andrew's, and greatly enjoyed the facilities for study afforded him by its ancient university. Happening at that time to turn his attention to the condition of Africa, that had been brought prominently into notice by the travels of Mungo Park, he became quite absorbed in the study of the wants and woes of the comparatively unknown, untrodden continent, and at length gave to the public, as the fruit of his researches, a small volume, full of matter, and written in a lively style, entitled "An Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa at the close of the 18th Century."

Both before and after this period of his life, Leyden gave vent to his versatile literary activity in the composition of all sorts of poems, essays, and tales, usually dashed off at a heat, and consequently of very various degrees of merit. Many of these effusions, signed J. L., appeared in the "Edinburgh Magazine," then under the management of Dr. Robert Anderson, whose edition of the "British Poets" is well known, and to whom Campbell, grateful for kindness received, dedicated his "Pleasures of Hope." In the shop of Constable, an intelligent young bookseller just beginning his splendid career, Leyden made the acquaintance of Mr. Richard Heber, the celebrated book-collector, and soon the acquaintance ripened into ardent friendship. Through Mr. Heber he was introduced to Henry Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," to Lord Woodhouselee the historian, and to the Rev. Sidney Smith, who became so famous as an Edinburgh reviewer. But the most important literary man he became acquainted with at this time by means of his English friend was Walter Scott, who had already commenced his career as an author, and was collecting the materials for his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." In the family of this eminent personage he always met with a cordial reception. Describing him at this period, Scott refers to the oddities and eccentricities of his gifted friend, but pays the highest tribute to his moral qualities. "To gratify," he says, "the slightest wish of a friend, Leyden would engage at once in the most toilsome and difficult researches. His temper was in reality as gentle as it was generous. No one felt more deeply for the distress of those he loved. No one exhibited more disinterested pleasure in their success. In dispute he never lost temper, and if he despised the outworks of ceremony he never trespassed on the essentials of good-breeding." It must also be mentioned to Leyden's honour that, in a "hard-drinking" age, he observed the strictest rules of temperance, and that though his income was necessarily narrow, he maintained his valued independence by always keeping

out of debt. He knew the necessity of temperance to the severe studies in which he was constantly engaged; and he never forgot the sound moral and religious principles in which he had been educated.

Having from the first studied for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, John Leyden was licensed to preach the gospel in 1800, and thus became what in Scotland is called a "probationer." He preached in several churches in Edinburgh and its neighbourhood; but though his sermons were vigorous in style, and delivered with much energy, they were lacking in the leading elements of popularity. It was consequently not long before he discovered that the Christian ministry, after all, was not his vocation, and that his life might be usefully spent in the exercise of another profession, if not also in a distant land. But in the meantime he accompanied two distinguished young foreigners on an extensive tour through the wild west Highlands and the adjoining Hebrides, regions that strongly excited his imagination, and rewarded his research with much interesting antiquarian lore. He kept a journal of his adventurous peregrinations, and wrote some striking poems on Highland traditions. One of them, "The Mermaid," published in the third volume of the "Border Minstrelsy," is a very beautiful production. It is highly lauded by Scott for its "power of harmonious numbers." There were other literary fruits of this Highland expedition which we cannot here stop to describe.

In 1801 he contributed to Matthew Lewis's "Tales of Wonder" the remarkable ballad of the Elf-king; and in the following year he heartily undertook the congenial task of assisting his friend Scott to collect materials for the "Minstrelsy." Along with the illustrious editor of that famous publication he traversed the wilds of Selkirkshire, Liddesdale, and other romantic Border regions, in search of ballads, traditions, tales, and other kinds of legendary lore, which were destined, when published, to give a new colour and tone to British poetry. Scott tells the following excellent story in illustration of Leyden's enthusiastic devotedness to this literary work, and the uproariousness of manner in which he frequently indulged. "An interesting fragment of an ancient historical ballad had been obtained, but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, was not to be recovered. Two days afterwards, while the editor was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of the vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near, and Leyden burst into the room, chanting the desiderated ballad with the most enthusiastic gesture and all the energy of what he used to call 'the saw-tones' of his voice. It turned out that he had walked between forty and fifty miles and back again for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity."

The original contributions of Leyden to the "Border Minstrelsy" were important and valuable, as Scott has freely acknowledged. Besides the ballad of "The Mermaid," the equally spirited effusions, entitled "Lord Soulis" and the "Cout of Keeldar," were from his pen; while most of the materials of the "Dissertation on Fairy Superstition," showing much rare reading and research, were contributed by him. About this period, also, he published

a new edition of a very interesting old tract, written by an unknown author about the year 1548, called "The Complaynt of Scotland." In a preliminary dissertation, and numerous notes, he displayed a prodigious amount of antiquarian learning, which Scott himself confessed "had never been equalled in that department." The new series of the "Edinburgh Magazine," published by Constable, was also at this period for some months under his management, and conducted with characteristic vigour.

When Thomas Campbell came to Edinburgh, about the beginning of this century, to complete and publish his famous poem, Leyden and he got acquainted, and for a time were good enough friends. But before long the rough Borderer and the rather finical bard of "Hope" had a quarrel, and ceased to meet each other. Scott, who had been originally introduced to Campbell by Leyden, tells an amusing story about the estrangement and presumed reconciliation of these two poetical friends. "While the quarrel lasted, I repeated 'Hohenlinden' to Leyden," says Scott. "'Tell the fellow,' Leyden said, 'that I hate him; but he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years.' I did mine errand as faithful as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer, 'Tell Leyden that I detest him; but I know the value of his critical approbation.' The feud was therefore in the way of being made up."

Leyden having practically given up the hope of getting a presentation to a church in Scotland within a reasonable time, and his thoughts being now steadily turned towards the East as the proper scene of his life-work, application was made on his behalf to Mr. William Dundas, a member of the Board of Control, for an Indian appointment. The only post that could be offered at the time was a surgeon's assistantship, which, of course, could only be filled by a person duly qualified, and who could pass an examination before the medical board at the India House. Leyden, nothing daunted by such an announcement, immediately applied himself with enormous energy to the study of medicine, which, however, was not altogether new to him, and within a year obtained the diploma of surgeon with credit after a severe examination. The degree of M.D., for want of time, he was obliged to obtain at another university, not so stringent in its rules as that of Edinburgh. But while Leyden could only go out to India in the capacity of a surgeon, it was understood by his friends and patrons at the time that he was mainly to be employed in civil or literary work suited to his peculiar attainments.

In April, 1803, Dr. Leyden, having some time before bid a tender farewell to his parents, sailed from Portsmouth for the East, full of ardent hope, and carrying with him the warmest good wishes of numerous distinguished friends. "Thus set forth on his voyage," beautifully remarks Scott, "perhaps the first British traveller that ever sought India moved neither by the love of wealth nor of power, and who, despising alike the luxuries commanded by the one, and the pomp attached to the other, was guided solely by the wish of extending our knowledge of Oriental literature, and distinguishing himself as its most successful cultivator." But before he left the shores of England his principal poem, "Scenes of Infancy," had made its appearance, and greatly increased his reputation. It is a composition abounding in noble thoughts and tender

feelings beautifully expressed, and full of admirable descriptions of the fine Border scenery familiar to the author from his youth. It well entitles Leyden to be ranked among the poets of his native land.

We cannot undertake to give a full account of Leyden's occupations and adventures in India, but must briefly sum up the remaining events of his life. Landing at Madras, he immediately entered on the duties of his new profession in various parts of the presidency; but his health giving way, he sailed for Prince of Wales' Island, where he arrived towards the end of 1805. There his energies were recruited, and he wrote to his friends in Scotland with his accustomed spirit. In a long letter addressed to his friend Mr. James Ballantyne, he gave an account of his successful study of the chief languages of Southern India, of the ancient inscriptions he had succeeded in deciphering, and of various antiquarian researches he had prosecuted with success. Nothing could exceed the enthusiastic devotion to Oriental studies which he cherished wherever he went and delighted to express to his literary friends. Before he left Penang, he visited a part of the coast of Sumatra and of the Malayan peninsula, where he amassed much valuable information concerning the origin, language, and literature of the Indo-Chinese tribes, which he communicated in the form of a regular dissertation to the Calcutta Asiatic Society.

Leyden was after this appointed a Professor in the Bengal College, and subsequently a judge of the Purgunnahs of Calcutta. Though now in the receipt of a considerable income, he continued to live temperately and unostentatiously; but he always erred in excessive application to study. Even when suffering from dangerous disease, he often gave many hours of the day to literary toil. On being sternly remonstrated with by his friends and medical advisers, all that he could say was that he could not be idle. His lamp of life burned with peculiar intensity, and he seemed willing that its flame should be prematurely quenched rather than diminished in its brilliancy. It is to be regretted that the light of a higher and calmer life did not more steadily irradiate his works.

In 1811 Dr. Leyden accompanied the Governor-General, Lord Minto, on the expedition to Java, and signalised himself by being among the first to jump into the surf and land on the island. He next showed a characteristic alacrity in examining a library in the town of Batavia, when it fell into the hands of the British. But the straining ardour of his researches in an ill-ventilated room, combined with the malaria of the region, brought on a fever which, in the course of three days, terminated his mortal career. Thus suddenly was extinguished the light of a brilliant genius. Far from his native Teviotdale, to which his "heart, untravelling," always fondly turned during all his wanderings, but still amidst scenes which he delighted to explore for no unworthy ends, John Leyden expired while his powers were yet vigorous and his hopes ardent. Lord Minto, surrounded with a multitude of true British mourners, paid every respect to his remains as they were deposited in the grave of Batavia. But though his name has always been mentioned with peculiar vividness of feeling by thousands of his countrymen, it was not till 1861 that a suitable monument to his memory was erected by public subscription in his native village of Denholm. The first inscription on the monument runs thus:—"To the

memory of the Poet and Oriental Scholar whose genius, learning, and manly virtues were an honour to his country, and shed a lustre on his native Teviotdale." Then follows a beautiful passage from the "Scenes of Infancy," and the following touching lines of Scott:—

"His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains."

The poetical works of Leyden, in one volume, were published in 1819, with a memoir written by the Rev. James Morton. A new and more complete edition is about to make its appearance to commemorate the forthcoming centenary celebration. It must also be mentioned that an interesting posthumous work of Leyden, entitled, "Memoir of the Emperor Baber," a mighty but almost forgotten Indian hero, was published in Edinburgh in 1826. His friend, Mr. William Erskine, an accomplished Indian civil and near relative of Sir James Macintosh, rendered him important assistance in the preparation of this volume.

Varieties.

OYSTER TRADE AT BALTIMORE.—Baltimore is the great American centre for raw oysters—New York, as well as the Southern and Western States, depending on it for their supplies. The packing-houses in Baltimore have agencies in all the large cities and towns, and these agencies have sub-agencies covering the country districts. About twenty firms are engaged in the packing and distribution throughout the States of raw oysters—5,000,000 bushels of which are annually consumed—to meet the demands of the trade, which is one not only incurring great risks, but also requiring some tact for its successful management. Such is the perishable nature of the oyster, that the risk in handling them has much to do in determining their price. Delays in the arrival of a vessel will often cause a whole cargo to become putrid, so that it has at once to be thrown overboard. To cover these risks the margin of profit is necessarily large. Great numbers of men, women, and children are employed in opening the oysters and removing them from their shells; for this work they receive twenty cents per gallon, and the average earnings of each person are about two dollars per day of ten hours. In packing the raw oysters they are, after being opened, washed carefully, then placed in flat cans with a little fresh water, as the liquor or natural juice of the oyster decomposes in twenty-four hours after exposure. These cans are then packed in rows with cakes of ice between them, and shipped by express to their destination. At certain points it is arranged that these cases destined for the Far West shall be opened, fresh ice placed between the cans, and then re-shipped to their ultimate destination. Oysters packed in this way, and re-iced at certain places on the route, can be sent from Baltimore to San Francisco in good condition. Besides this trade in raw oysters, as many as 3,000,000 bushels are annually steamed and hermetically sealed in tins for shipment to all parts of North America and to Europe. The season lasts from October 1st to April 1st. By the steaming process the oysters are so preserved that after being sealed down they will keep good for an indefinite period of time.

MELBOURNE IN JANUARY.—The five days from Monday, the 18th, to Friday, the 22nd of January, will probably be as memorable in our annals as the celebrated Black Thursday of 1851, which old colonists refer to as the great festival of hot winds and bush fires. From Monday morning until mid-day on Friday the heat steadily increased, and the prevailing temperature varied from 106 to 111 degrees in the shade, and from 140 to 148 in the sun, the maximum being higher than any previously-recorded readings of the thermometer in Melbourne.

Night brought little relief from the oppression of the day, and the continuance of the heat told upon those who were generally indifferent to it. Masons and bricklayers gave up work, business was almost suspended, and the theatres were left empty. Several fatal cases of sunstroke occurred, and horses dropped dead in the streets. For the first time in Melbourne the horses had their heads protected from the sun, and their ears stuck out grotesquely from pith and pasteboard helmets and lined caps of every size and shape. Bush fires were prevalent throughout the country, and destroyed a great deal of valuable property of different kinds, and several lives were lost in attempting to protect it. The miseries of Melbourne and the suburbs were intensified by the sudden failure of their water supply, as the Preston reservoir was emptied by the increased drain upon it, and though the Yan Yean reservoir was full, the long-promised additional main to connect it with Preston was not finished through the inexcusable dilatoriness of the Public Works Department. The storm of angry deputations from every quarter which assailed the Minister in charge during these parching days will probably secure the completion of the work before next summer. When the water began to trickle again it was restricted under all sorts of pains and penalties, and was absolutely prohibited for some of its ordinary purposes—such as irrigation and working lifts and presses in the city warehouses. While the water famine lasted its hardships were most severe, for most of the consumers were accustomed to look confidently to their taps for a continual stream, and never thought of storing a drop in tanks or cisterns. The hospitals could spare no water for baths or washing, and the ice company's works were stopped, cutting off the only luxury which the weather allowed us to enjoy, just as we had begun to regard it as one of the necessities of life.—*Times Correspondent.*

JOHN KNOX.—Men are apt to think of John Knox too exclusively in connection with his work and success as the Reformer of Scotland. It is not usually remembered what a large portion of the best and most energetic part of his life was spent in England, and among Englishmen out of England. He first set foot in this country early in 1549. He was then in his forty-fifth year, in the full strength of manhood; and having been welcomed by Cranmer and the Privy Council of Edward VI as a seasonable addition to the small number of Reformation preachers who were then employed in proclaiming the gospel throughout the kingdom, he was immediately despatched on that service to the north of England; and he continued to be thus employed in the counties of Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland, and afterwards in London, Buckinghamshire, and Kent, till several months after the accession of Mary in 1553, when, his life being in danger, he was compelled to withdraw to the Continent. But on the Continent he spent much the greatest part of the five following years among the English Protestant exiles. One year out of the five was occupied in an important visit to Scotland, extending from September, 1555, to September, 1556; but during the rest of these years he was mainly engaged in ministering to the English congregations of Frankfort and Geneva. Thus for ten of the best years of his life and work he was chiefly in contact with English, not with Scottish, minds. Indeed, it is curious to observe how extensively he became connected with English life, not only in public matters, but by domestic ties and private friendships and correspondence. His first wife was an Englishwoman. . . . In Frankfort and Geneva he was associated in the closest bonds of spiritual and personal communion with men like Bishop Coverdale, Bishop Bale, Fox the martyrologist, William Whittingham, Dean of Durham, Goodman, Gilby, Sampson, and others, all eminent English Churchmen. All these circumstances show how closely the Scottish Reformer's life, both public and private, became interwoven with English society.—*Professor Lorimer's "John Knox."*

SCOTCH WHISKY.—A correspondent says that Scotland spent last year fully seven millions on whisky for her own consumption. At the same time it appears from the return of the value of lands and heritages in Scotland presented last year to Parliament that the annual value of these was £18,698,804, and that these figures represented—1. Gross annual value of lands and heritages other than those contained in burghs of more than 20,000 inhabitants, £13,516,848; 2. Gross annual value of lands and heritages in said burghs, £5,181,956—together making, as above, £18,698,804. On contrasting these details, it appears that the people of Scotland now expend on whisky alone more than one-half of the annual value of the lands and heritages which are outside of the nine larger burghs in Scotland, and more by two millions a year than the whole value of these as contained within these burghs.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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